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A. L. Shuler, Drugs, Books, Paints, Oils and Notions, Fifteenth and O.
Baldwin Bros., Hardware, 1217 O.
McKenny & Son, Drugs, Stationery, and Notions, 212 O.
Stelner & Scheutz, Dispensing Druggists, corner Twelfth and P.
Bjorkman & Lindvall, Druggists, 220 North Tenth.
J. M. Broad, Groceries, etc., 888 North Twenty-seventh.
Lindell Hotel, Corner Thirteenth and M.
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MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Some Old Recollections Revived and Denied.

"I see," said Mrs. Bowser, as she sat reading the paper the other evening, while Mr. Bowser was trying to dig a peg out of his shoe—"I see that another Brooklyn man has run away and left his wife."

"Has, eh? Well, I don't wonder at it," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Did you read the item?"

"No, but I know how it all happened. He found out that he couldn't take a bit of comfort in his own home, and he left it. No one knows the misery that poor man suffered before he took that step."

"It doesn't say he was unhappy."

"Of course not. No husband ever gets justice, to say nothing of pity. I'll bet he suffered a thousand deaths before he walked away to die in some lonely spot by his own hand."

"Well, dear, you'll never be driven away by any act of mine," she said, as she went over and kissed him.

"What in thunder are you doing?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he dropped the shoe and sprang up.

"Why, I kissed you."

"Well, I don't want any one blowing into my ears or spitting on my chin! What struck you all at once?"

"There was a time, Mr. Bowser—there was a time when—" "When what?"

"When you said that if I would kiss you you would be the happiest man in the whole world."

"Never! Never even hinted at such a thing! I wasn't that sort of a noodlehead."

"Mr. Bowser! Why, there was for three months, while I was waiting to make up my mind to marry you, that you said you could hardly live from day to day!"

"Waiting! You waiting! Well, that is cool! That tickles me—ha! ha! ha!" he shouted, as he held his sides.

"Yes, waiting."

"Why—ha! ha! ha! you said 'yes' so mighty quick you bit your tongue in doing it! The idea of me pining and wasting away because I feared you would say no!"

"Do you remember the pet name you used to call me?" she asked.

"Pet nonsense."

"You called me your red wild rose."

"Red wild rose! Are you getting soft in the head, Mrs. Bowser?"

"It seems curious to me," she continued without noticing his sarcasm, "that when a young man is courting a girl no one can make him believe that she is not a perfect angel. He can't work days nor sleep nights for thinking of her, and the sight of her a mile away sets his heart to beating like an engine."

"It does, eh? It might in the case of a sprightly young noodlehead, but it wouldn't with a sensible fellow. I never lost any sleep on your account."

"Nearly all your letters to me were dated anywhere from midnight to 4 o'clock in the morning, and—" "Never! Never wrote you a letter except in the afternoon, when I hadn't anything to do and wanted to use up half an hour's time," replied Mr. Bowser.

"And every one of them speaks of how lonely you were, and with what joyous anticipations you looked forward to your next call."

"Lonely! Joyous anticipations! I'd be apt to be lonely when there were a dozen or more mighty good looking girls after me, wouldn't I?"

"But in a few brief years after marriage how the average husband does change!" observed Mrs. Bowser, as if speaking to herself.

"Yes, that's it. You hunted me down and got me to marry you, and now you are trying to make my home happy. If you are feeling badly why don't you go and make yourself some catnip tea?"

"Do you remember that Fourth of July evening when we sat on the veranda?" she asked.

"I shall always remember what you said that night and how much the situation affected you."

"Affected me! What on earth are you talking about?"

"You took my hand in yours, Mr. Bowser, and you asked me to please try and learn to love you."

"Never! If you'd swear to that on sixteen family Bibles I wouldn't believe it."

"You said that life was but a dreary waste to you before I crossed your path, and—"

"I never did—never! never! never!" he shouted as he sprang up. "No one but you ever charged me with being an idiot or a lunatic!"

"Mr. Bowser, didn't you say that if I didn't marry you you'd kill yourself?"

"No."

"Didn't you once show me some baking powder in a pill box and tell me it was strychnine, and that you'd take it if I married any one else?"

"Never! Never cared two cents whether you married me or not!"

"And you deny that when father came out one evening and threw you off the stoop and told you never to come back that you wrote me you—"

"Threw me off the stoop! Your father! By the great hornspoon, but this is too much, Mrs. Bowser! Threw me! I'd like to have seen the whole caboodle of your relations throw me off a stoop!"

"Perhaps you don't remember how you used to compare my eyes to stars and tell me that it would be the one effort of your life to make me happy?"

"Eyes! Stars! The idea of my talking any such bosh! I came home expecting to spend a happy evening in the bosom of my family, and you've gone and knocked it all over! That's the way with the tamed women—always kicking and complaining about something."

"There was a time when you used to pet me, Mr. Bowser."

"That's it. Keep right on harping on that same old string! If a husband don't tell his wife forty times a day that she's his shining star she's ready to kick and make his home miserable. I may be driven out any day now. I've seen it coming for the last two years, but I was helpless. I'm going to lock up and go to bed. Good night, Mrs. Bowser!"—M. Quail in New York World.

What He Wanted.

He—Have you heard the news? Yesterday morning Mary Dawson, jumped into her father's carriage and eloped with the coachman.

She—What's her father done about it?

He—He has advertised, "Send back the horses and all will be forgiven."—Life.

The Fate of Many.

Hampton—They had the most realistic death scene at the opera house last night that I ever witnessed.

Cason—That so?

Hampton—Yes. You know, in the third act, Bucher, who plays the part of the villain, is supposed to be killed by a mob.

Cason—Yes.

Hampton—Well, last night the audience took the part of the mob.—Philadelphia Times.

Business Caution.

Grocer—Did you charge Mr. Heyson with that pound of tea?

Clerk—Yaas, I'm sure I did.

Grocer—Well, charge him over again; you can't be too sure of a thing.—Life.

Was in a Hurry for a Messenger.

"The devil take the old machine!" he roared, as he pulled down the lever for the district messenger call for the third time.

"It never works when a man's in a hurry." Then he passed up and down the room, holding the letter in his hand, and saying unkind things about the instrument, the company and the boys.

"It'll be too late sure!" he exclaimed, as he pulled the lever for the fourth time, and if it is I'll sue the company for damages. I'll teach 'em to keep their old machines in order if I have to go to the supreme court to do it."

Then he executed a war dance in front of the instrument, and pulled the lever down several times in quick succession.

Suddenly a happy thought struck him and he rushed to the telephone and called up the messenger office.

"Why don't you answer my call?" he shouted.

"Have answered it," came the reply.

"Well, it's about time," he exclaimed. "I've been working it for half an hour."

"I know it," was the response. "What is it—a funeral or a wedding?"

"What?"

"Oh, of course it's none of my business; but I wondered what you wanted of so many carriages. There are eight on the way over and I'm just starting the ninth."

He rang off and ran to the call box. And now he wants to find the man who shifted the indicator from "messenger" to "hack."

A Boy on Girls.

Mark Twain considers the following the funniest (genuine) boy's composition he ever saw:

ON GIRLS.

Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church every Sunday. They are always sick. They are always funny and making fun of boy's hands and they say how dirty. They can't play marbles. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them.

I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They took off and ran to the call box. And now he wants to find the man who shifted the indicator from "messenger" to "hack."

Proof Positive.

"Are you sure he is dead?" asked the insurance agent of the widow of a deceased miser.

"Certain of it."

"What proof have I of it?"

"There were twenty carriages at his funeral that I ordered myself."

"How does that prove his death?"

"Ah, sir, you didn't know him. If Tom had been the least alive he'd kicked at the expense, sure!"—Texas Siftings.

Weal Witty.

"I say, Chawlie, Fweddy quite acquitted himself at the Chinner's party the other night as a real humorist, doncher know?"

"Do tell. Quite funny, was he?"

"Yaas. Miss Chinner asked him if he would venture on a peach, docher know?"

And he said he'd weally be awfraid he'd woff off. He, he, ha, ha!"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Good Natured Man.

Wife—How is this? You apply for circulars and price lists to all the merchants and tradesmen in the town, and still you have not the remotest intention of buying anything.

Husband—Certainly not, but in these slack times I just want to give the poor fellows a little pleasurable excitement.—Der Uik.

"Overpressure."

Mother—Where are you off to, Hans?

Hans—To school. Teacher is going to show us the eclipse of the moon tonight.

Mother—Here, you stay at home. If your teacher wants to show you anything he can do it during school hours!—Gewerbezeitung.

Truly Conscientious.

Toyshopman—Beg pardon, miss, but here's your change, which you'd forgotten—one and ninepence!

Little Maid—Oh, thank you very much! But we're not allowed to take money from anybody but grandpapa!—Punch.

A Medicine Hater.

Poasant (doq)—Let me alone with your medicine, why, only a week since I bought at the chemist's a bottle labeled "corn liniment." I have now drunk every drop and my corns are just as bad as ever!—Tagliche Rundschau.

Mysteries of the Toilet.

Lady to her maid—Haven't you at last found the flowers which you have to put in my hair?

Maid—Oh, yes, ma'am, but now I can't find the hair.—Die Wespen.

A Terrible Temptation.

Fond Wife—Why so thoughtful, dear? Will you get much if you save that man?

Sawbones—No, but if he dies I'll be sure to get my bill. His life is insured.—Life.

Judged by Their Actions.

Deacon Smith—What kind of a collection did we have today?

Parson Brone—A collection of misers, I should judge. —Lowell Citizen.

The Gander and the Ducks.

Some Ducks were one day enjoying themselves in a pond of water when a Gander came down among them and put on such airs that the indignant Ducks finally cried out to one another:

"Behold the Gander! He would have us believe that he belongs to the Nobility!"

"Ladies and Gentlemen," replied the Gander, with added dignity, "I beg to inform you that I have been tracing my Genealogy back, and I find that I am directly Descended from the Eagle."

"Ho! ho! ho!" cried the Ducks in chorus. "While it may be true that your Ancestors were Eagles, the fact remains that you are only a Goose!" and they fell upon him with beak and wing and drove him away.

Moral—No man's great grandfather pays his debts or makes him a gentleman.—New York World.

Colored Pride.

Some people can't stand prosperity. An old Texas dandy, who by industry and economy had accumulated a fortune of sixty-nine cents, started a fish market in the public square. He had one catfish on the head of an empty barrel. A gentleman picked up the fish, smelt it and asked the price.

"It am wuff one dollarah."

"Whew!"

"Frow down dat fish, sah, and leab my office, sah."—Texas Siftings.

Away, Away!

Ponsonby—Is that Pompano coming this way, Arthur?

De Twiliger—Yaas.

Ponsonby—Let's dodge down the street. I have every reason to believe that he has the first photograph of his first baby in his pocket.—Harper's Bazar.

He'd Noticed It Too.

"By George!" said Smithers angrily, about a week after he had moved into the country, "every blessed thing I meet seems to have a bill for something."

"Yes," said little John Smithers, "there was a rooster here this morning with a bill for corn."—Truth.

Proverbial Philosophy.

Colonel Yerger—You understand that you must not say anything to my wife about my coming home late.

Sam Johnson—No, sah, I understand. So de saying is, silence is gold.

He gets a five dollar gold piece.—Texas Siftings.

True to His Instincts.

Doctor Bolus—Your husband is suffering from a low fever, madam.

Mrs. Uppakrust (indignantly)—Of course if he took a fever it would be a low one. Why did I wed a parvenu?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Model Employer.

Bookkeeper—Today Herr Meier, it is just twenty-five years since I entered your employment.

Principal—All right, I understand; you wish to thank me for all the salary you have drawn during that time.—Dorfbier.

Guide for Talkers.

If you would be an interesting conversationalist, find out what all the people are talking about, and then talk about something else.—Boston Transcript.

The Part of Wisdom.

Robby—How did the sphinx get the credit for being so wise, papa?

Mr. Norris—By keeping his mouth shut for 3,000 years.—Life.

A Liberal Education.

Civil Service Examiner—You have passed a splendid examination, Mr. Complex; might I ask how you prepared yourself?

Mr. Complex—I made it a point to look up and answer the questions asked me by my ten-year-old boy.—Truth.

At the Horse Market.

Dealer (to his son)—Joseph, just ride this horse around for the gentleman.

Joseph—Father, how must I ride, for buying or selling?—Schwarzwalder Bote.

A Broad Hint.

Principal—Before you sit down to write that letter, Jacob, go and wash your hands, else there will be extra postage to pay.—Munichfalter.

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